

"king of the bullwhip"

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

LASH LARUE

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

6^D

No. 92

IN THIS ISSUE

**"FATAL
WITNESS"**

**ACTION PACKED
THRILLER!**

AND MANY OTHERS.





LASH LARUE WESTERN ON SALE EVERY MONTH
 The following outstanding magazines are published in England by L. Miller & Son Ltd.
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Lash LARUE

"KING OF THE BULLWHIP"

in

"THE FATAL WITNESS"



MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

LOOK, BUZY, DRIVING A STAGECOACH IS NO JOB FOR A LADY! WHY DON'T YOU MARRY ME AND SETTLE DOWN?

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HONEST WORK. FOR MAN OR WOMAN! BESIDES...



...I'D RATHER WITNESS MY OWN FUNERAL THAN MARRY A SADDLE TRAMP LIKE YOU, DRIFTER! YOU NEVER DID AN HONEST DAY'S WORK IN YOUR LIFE!

YOU TELL HIM, BUZY!

THE DRIFTER NEVER DID ANY WORK IN HIS LIFE! THAT'S WHY HE'S ALWAYS BROKE!









SHORTLY AFTER AT THE HILLSIDE VALLEY SMITHY'S SHED JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

THERE'S NO SENSE IN YOUR STOPPING HERE, DRIFTER! IF YOU'RE AIMING FOR ME TO SHOE YOUR HORSE ON CREDIT, THE ANSWER IS NO!

ALL I WANT, SMITHY, IS TO SLEEP IN YOUR ATTIC FOR A FEW DAYS UNTIL I CAN FIND A JOB AND RAISE SOME MONEY!



THE ANSWER'S STILL NO! IF I WAIT FOR YOU TO GET A JOB, YOU WILL NEVER MOVE OUT! BEAT IT!

I THOUGHT FOR SURE THE SMITHY WOULD BE OUT FOR LUNCH NOW OR I NEVER WOULD HAVE SHOWED UP HERE AT THIS TIME!



SMITHY DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I DISCOVERED A WAY TO SNEAK INTO HIS ATTIC FROM THE BACK OF THE SHACK!



ALL I HOPE IS THAT NAG OF MINE KEEPS QUIET OR HE'LL GIVE ME AWAY!



NOW TO TAKE OFF THESE WET DUBS AND THEN TO TRY TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO MAKE SUZY CHANGE HER MIND ABOUT ME!



LATER, AT THE RIVER GAP JAILHOUSE...

HI THERE, LASH! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?

JUST A ROUTINE CHECK, SHERIFF GORMLEY! HOW ARE THINGS GOING?



THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TO KEEP ME BUSY, BUT I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU ANYHOW! COME ON INSIDE AND CHAT AWHILE!



THINGS ARE NOT ACTUALLY AS QUIET AS THE SHERIFF THINKS, FOR AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE HILTON GOLD MINE...

SOON AS I MAKE UP THE PAYROLL, I'LL BE ABLE TO GO HOME... ULP!

JUST HAND OVER THAT MONEY, HILTON! AND THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE!



CAMEO JOE!

A BRAVE GUY, HUH? NOW THAT YOU KNOW ME...



...YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE BUT TO KILL YOU! BETTER CLEAR OUT BEFORE SOMEONE COMES TO INVESTIGATE THE SHOOTING!

BRANG!



I RECKON THE SMART THING TO DO IS BURY THIS MONEY FOR A FEW DAYS, UNTIL I'M SURE EVERYTHING'S QUIET... AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE!



UNTIL THEY STOP LOOKIN' FOR HILTON'S KILLER, IT WOULDN'T BE SAFE FOR ME TO BE KEEPING THIS MONEY!



BUT CAMEO JOE'S AIM WAS AS BAD AS HIS EVIL HEART...

LUCKY CAMEO'S SHOT ONLY GRAZED ME! GOT TO FIND THE SHERIFF, PRONTO!

MINE



OF COURSE I'M SURE IT WAS HIM! I SAW HIS FACE AS PLAINLY AS I'M SEEIN' YOURS, NOW!



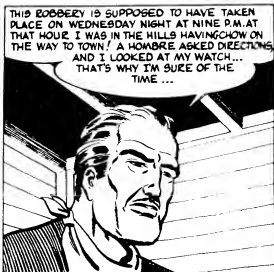
HE SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND, SINCE HE PROBABLY THINKS YOU'RE DEAD AND NO ONE CAN TELL ON HIM!

IF YOU LIKE, SHERIFF, I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU...

COME ON, LASH! NO ONE IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD REFUSE YOUR HELP WHEN GOING AFTER A BANDIT!







TWENTY THOUSAND! I'D SURE LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON IT... AND MAYBE I KNOW A WAY TO DO IT! I'LL JUST CLOSE MY SHOP FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS AND MOSEY OVER TO RIVER GAP...



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

REPORT THAT I WAS THE STRANGER CAMEO JOE MET IN THE HILLS THE NIGHT OF THE ROBBERY!

SO, WHEN I SAW THIS ARTICLE I FELT IT WAS MY DUTY TO

REPORT THAT I WAS THE STRANGER CAMEO JOE MET

IF THAT'S SO, I RECKON THIS CALLS FOR A NEW TRIAL!



THE FACT THAT CAMEO JOE DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY WHEN I CAUGHT HIM... AND A STRANGER WITH NOTHING TO GAIN, CONFIRMED HIS STORY THAT HE WAS IN THE HILLS THE NIGHT OF THE ROBBERY... MEANS HE GOES FREE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN, HILTON!



BUT HOW? HE WAS AS CLOSE TO ME AS YOU ARE, LASH!

I CHECKED THE WITNESS AND HIS REPUTATION IS A-1 OVER IN HILLSIDE! ONLY WAY TO CONVINCE HILTON HE'S WRONG IS TO CATCH THE REAL BANDIT!



THAT'S GOING TO BE HARD TO DO! THERE'S NOTHING TO GO ON, AND NO WHERE TO START LOOKING...

I EXPECT YOU'LL WANT TO DO MORE FOR ME THAN JUST OFFER YOUR HAND IN THANKS... SINCE WE BOTH KNOW I WAS LYING!



WE CAN'T TALK HERE! COME WITH ME...

I FIGURED TO SHARE YOUR LOOT FOR GETTING YOU OUT! WHAT DO YOU SAY?



I'LL DIVVY WITH YOU... THE LOOT'S BURIED, BUT I DON'T DARE GO AFTER IT! THEY'LL BE WATCHIN' ME!

THEY'RE NOT WATCHIN' ME! DRAW ME A MAP AND I'LL GET IT...



GOOD IDEA! THEN WELL MEET OVER IN HILLSIDE AND DIVVY UP!

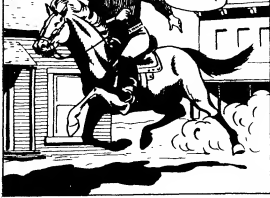
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHY SHOULD I SHARE IT WITH CAMEO... WITH THE LAW WATCHIN' HIM, HE WONT DARE COME AFTER IT! I'LL JUST HIGH-TAIL IT BACK TO HILLSIDE WITH ALL THE LOOT...



THAT NIGHT SMITHY DIGGS UP THE LOOT...

WHILE AT RIVER GAP...

THAT HOMBRE SHOULDVE BEEN BACK LONG AGO! IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO DOUBLE CROSS ME, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!



YOU'RE TAKING A MIGHTY ROUND ABOUT WAY TO RIVER GAP, AREN'T YOU? FORK OVER THAT DOUGH OR I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT



DON'T SHOOT, CAMEO!

HERE IT IS... JUST DON'T SHOOT!



BUT AS CAMEO JOE REACHES FOR THE MONEY, THE SMITHY BRINGS HIS MIGHTY HANDS UP...



THUD!

UGH!

BAM!



DEAD! I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, PRONTO!



MEANWHILE, AT THE RIVER GAP JAIL...

WHERE YOU HEADIN' FOR, LASH?

I RECKON I'LL JUST KEEP AN EYE ON CAMEO FOR A WHILE, SHERIFF!



LASH FINDS CAMEO JOE'S BODY A FEW MILES FROM RIVER GAD...

DEAD... LOOKS LIKE HE WAS BEATEN TO DEATH! MAYBE HE TRIED ANOTHER STICK UP... ON THE WRONG HOMBRE!



... BUT IF THAT'S SO, WHO EVER DID IT WILL REPORT THE ROBBERY ATTEMPT TO THE SHERIFF...



MOMENTS LATER...

NO, NOBODY'S REPORTED A KILLING LASH! MAYBE THEY WENT TO THE SHERIFF IN HILLSIDE VALLEY...

HMMM... MAYBE SO...



AS LASH SETS OUT FOR HILLSIDE VALLEY, THE SMITHY ARRIVES AT HIS SHOP...

HA, HA... WITH SMITHY GONE, I'VE REALLY HAD THE LIFE... HEY, SOMEONE'S RIDING UP! IF IT'S HIM...



IT IS! BETTER GET BACK UP TO THE ATTIC BEFORE HE CATCHES ME!



WOW! LOOK AT THAT DOUGH! HE'S HIDING IT UNDER THAT LOOSE PLANK! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON IT, BUT IF HE EVER CAUGHT ME...



RECKON I'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE FOR A SPELL! IF SMITHY FINDS HIS FOOD AND CIGARS GONE HE MIGHT LOOK UP HERE AND WITH ALL THAT DOUGH HIDDEN THERE HE'S LIABLE TO BE A BIT TOUCHY!



A MOMENT LATER ...

NO KILLING REPORTED TO ME, LASH... BUT ISN'T THIS CAMEO JOE THE MAN OUR LOCAL SMITHY SAVED WITH HIS TESTIMONY...?

THE SAME, SHERIFF... AND IF YOU DON'T MIND, I THINK I'LL HANG AROUND HILLSIDE FOR A FEW DAYS IN CASE ANYTHING FURTHER DEVELOPS!

IF YOU'VE COME TO ASK AGAIN IF YOU CAN SLEEP IN MY ATTIC, SADDLE TRAMP, THE ANSWER IS STILL NO!

WE GOT SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN SLEEPING TO DISCUSS... AND DON'T CALL ME NAMES!



YOU'RE GETTING PRETTY TOUGH ALL OF A SUDDEN, DRIFTER

JUST GETTING SMART SMITHY! SMART ENOUGH TO REMEMBER WHERE YOU WERE LAST WEDNESDAY AT NINE O'CLOCK!

ACCORDING TO THE STORY YOU TOLD THE COURT, YOU SAW CAMEO JOE IN THE HILLS LAST WEDNESDAY NIGHT ...

SO WHAT?

I WAS IN YOUR ATTIC WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AND I KNOW YOU WERE RIGHT HERE ALL NIGHT! TODAY YOU PULLED IN HERE WITH A BIG ROLL OF GREEN BACKS! IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO FIGURE ...



... OUT YOU GAVE PHONY TESTIMONY FOR A SHARE OF THE LOOT! ONLY YOU KILLED JOE AND KEPT IT ALL, SMITHY ... AND ...

WHY, YOU ...

... I'LL KILL YOU!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT I TOLD YOU IS IN A LETTER A FRIEND OF MINE'S GOT! ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME AND HE GIVES IT TO THE SHERIFF!



WHAT'S YOUR PRICE FOR KEEPING QUIET?

THAT'S BETTER! GIVE ME TWO THIRDS OF THE LOOT RIGHT NOW...OR I'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE LAW!



LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT ME OVER A BARREL, DRIFTER! BUT THIS IS BETTER THAN SWINGING FOR MURDER...

YOU'RE RIGHT, SMITHY! BUT YOU WERE WRONG ABOUT ME...YOU SAID I'D NEVER MAKE ANY DOUGH...



DIAMONDS! LET'S SEE YOUR MONEY, FIRST...

HERE! I GOT ENOUGH TO BUY OUT YOUR CRUMBLY JOINT! NOW HOP TO IT!



LATER...

DON'T TELL ME THE DRIFTER'S BEEN BOTHERING YOU AGAIN, SUZY...

NOT DIRECTLY, SHERIFF! BUT, LOOK AT THIS...



HE LEFT THAT FOR ME...

THE DRIFTER? NOW WHERE DID HE GET ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY AN EXPENSIVE BRACELET LIKE THIS?



THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!

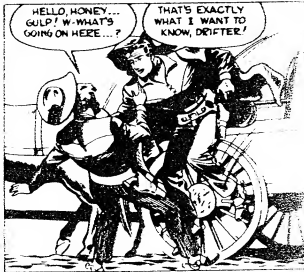
COME TO THINK OF IT, THE DRIFTER IS BUILT ABOUT LIKE CAMEO JOE! YOU DONT SUPPOSE HE COULD HAVE PULLED THAT PAYROLL ROBBERY...



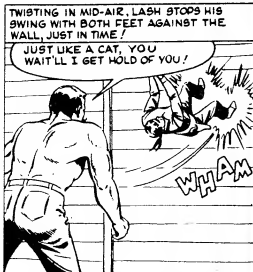
...AND HILTON MISTOOK HIM FOR CAMEO IN THE EXCITEMENT! YOU MIGHT HAVE THE ANSWER THERE, LASH!

WHERE DOES THE DRIFTER LIVE?









AND WHERE THE DRIFTER'S GOING, HE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE, SUZY! TIME FOR RUSH AND ME TO MOSBY ALONG! ADIOS!

"THE EAST GOES WEST"



A terrible crisis had come to the little Western town of Crestville. It had nothing to do with Indians. Chief Long Legs and his tribe had lived peacefully in the valley for the past four decades. Nor did it concern rustlers. It was the boast of the Bar H Ranch that their stock could go untended for months and nary a one would be missing. And it had nothing to do with bad men. They always steered clear of Crestville. But it did concern one Peter Gorman, born, bred and still living in the southern part of Hoboken, New Jersey.

The good folks of Crestville were gathered in the large living room of the Bar H Ranch. John Davis, owner of the spread and the leading citizen of the town, spoke to the assembled group.

"You all know why we are here," he began. "Through no fault of our own, Crestville has become famous in Western literature. May the remains of the great bard, Shakespeare, forgive me for using that term. Some five years ago, Mr. Peter Gorman began to write a long paper-covered story once a week for Hardley & Smith, the publishing firm in New York. Mr. Gorman had a wonderful imagination and a library full of Western books. Out of a clear sky he picked on a name — a name for a Western town full of bad men, gamblers, rustlers, killers, cheats, miners and lots of shooting. Just by pure, or impure coincidence, he used the name of Crestville.

"And so we have become fairly well known all over the world. From Australia to Sweden, from South Africa to China, wherever men read those stories of Gorman, we are a symbol of the West. Being fairly isolated, we have managed not to have visitors. The stage coach people cooperated with us to the fullest extent. There always was an accident when somebody we didn't want tried to visit us. But now we are going to be honored by Peter Gorman. In blood and flesh he is coming here. His publishers insist he see the town and write his best story. What do we do?"

Sheriff Ban Flagg was a practical man who had a lot of ideas inside his bald head. So he spoke what was on his mind.

"I don't think we can disappoint our beloved author. Why not give him back the type

of town he created? We can all turn actors for a week. And I am certain that, as amateur bad men, we could shoot up the town and kill each other. We can get blank cartridges for our guns. And Chief Long Legs will cooperate with us."

All eyes turned to the tall Indian, who sighed as he arose. For his heart was heavy.

"Woe to the white man who tells this creature from the East that I am a college-educated Redskin. My braves have read the stuff he turns out. If that is his conception of Indians, so that is just what we will be. Don't worry. We'll give him something to raise his scalp."

There was delightful feminine laughter in the room. Pretty Joan Davis had a remark to add.

"I understand that Mr. Peter Gorman has a wife and seven children to support. Put me down for the part of Tough Gal Joan. If I don't shock Mr. Peter Gorman, then I will demand back my tuition from the theatrical school I attended in St. Louis."

The stage coach stopped outside Hiram's Hardware and Feed Store. There was a large banner stretched across the street from Hiram's Hardware and Feed Store to Sam's Saloon. On the banner were the simple words:

"Crestville Welcomes Peter Gorman."

The stage coach door opened, and the single passenger alighted. He was a man in his late twenties, wore no hat, had bushy brown hair, was very thin and wore a pair of eyeglasses.

"Mr. Peter Gorman, I presume," said John Davis, who had read all about Livingston and Stanley in *Darkest Africa*.

"The same in person," was the reply

The guest and his luggage were transferred to a buckboard, and soon they were on their way to the Bar H Ranch. They were a half hour away from town when six Redskins appeared on the horizon.

"If we don't beat them to my ranch, they will scalp us," warned Mr. Davis. "Chief Long Legs has been after me for a long time."

Suddenly Mr. Peter Gorman grabbed the reins from the driver and brought the buckboard to a halt.

"I'll show you how to handle Indians," he said. "Just let them catch up with us."

Chief Long Legs was puzzled as what to do. He and his braves cautiously approached the buckboard and shouted to the two men to surrender.

"Don't be fools," snapped back Mr. Peter Gorman. "I'm the best shot in the entire West. Just watch me."

He took a silver dollar from his pocket and threw it up in the air. Before it came down, a blazing Colt in his right hand had plugged it twice.

"I could kill every one of your bad Redskins," he warned in a serious tone of voice. "Go back to your reservation and be good."

"Thank you, great man who can shoot dollars," replied Chief Long Legs. "Never again shall we try to harm anyone."

And with those words the Redskins rode away. The day was saved, and John Davis breathed freely. As he neared the ranch he asked the question that was bothering him.

"Where did you learn such shooting?"

"I worked in a shooting gallery in an amusement park," was the reply. "And you haven't seen anything yet. I can stand on my head and do the same trick — even with one eye closed."

When the wagon approached the ranch, a group of shooting cowboys welcomed their honored guest.

"If they are using real bullets," warned Peter Gorman, "they might hurt themselves. If they are using blanks, just a sheer waste of good money."

That night there was a real outdoor party for the man who had made Crestville famous. Tough Gal Joan played her part. Her favorite horse was brought from the corral.

"The man who can ride Limber gets my heart," she said. "But if he fails, he must be hung from the nearest tree."

Limber was a smart horse. He only allowed his mistress to sit on his back. And he had unseated every cowboy around the ranch who had ever tried to ride him.

"A silly challenge," commented Peter Gorman. "You certainly are a beautiful girl. You act as though you once took some kind of

lessons. I'll ride that horse."

Peter Gorman took some sugar from his pocket and fed Limber. Then he mounted the horse. Limber bucked and did everything horses knew about unseating riders. But it didn't work. Somehow this particular rider knew more tricks than the horse. So the horse gave up and became gentle as a lamb.

"This I can't believe," shouted Dan Halliday, foreman of the ranch. "How did he do it?"

"I rode horses in an amusement park," explained Peter Gorman. "And I even spent a year as a circus rider. Some day when I have time, I'll teach you fellows a couple of stunts we know back in the East."

There were only two people absent from the celebration. One was Sam Hitchman, owner of Sam's Saloon. The other was his pal, Lou Gerry.

"We could rob the bank and be rich for the rest of our lives," said Lou Gerry. "You could blast open that safe with plain black powder."

"What are we waiting for?" snapped back Sam. "I'm sick and tired of this here town. Makes believe it is nice and gentle. We can be across the border before morning."

There was an explosion that took off half of the bank's roof. Sam used too much powder. But the two crooks got their loot and were soon on their mounts. Sheriff Ben Flagg had left the celebration early and heard the noise. He raced back into town and took one look at the bank. Then he headed for the ranch to raise a posse.

"Relax Sheriff," remarked Banker Willard Downer. "Those crooks will get a shock of their lives. The bundles of money they took were only Confederate money."

"I don't get it," complained the sheriff. "Where is the money from the bank?"

"In another place," replied the banker. "Mr. Gorman really owns the bank. He has been investing all his money in it. He gave me the idea of having a secret safe. It's from one of his stores."

Joan went up to Peter Gorman and gave him a piece of her mind.

"The West needs a man like you. But you'll have to return back East. That wife and those children of yours need you."

"I'm a bachelor," shot back Peter Gorman. "That wife and kid routine was an invention of my press agent to keep dames away from me. This is where I'm going to settle. And I like you very much."

Finishing those words, he took Joan in his arms and kissed her. Being a wise gal of the West, she knew resistance was useless. They both ignored the bullets and cheers of all the cowboys.

The End

Lash LARUE

in "THE STOLEN MAP."

AS A ROVING MARSHAL WHOSE IDENTITY FOR THE MOST PART IS UNKNOWN, LASH LARUE IS CALLED UPON TO PLAY MANY STRANGE PARTS IN HIS UNENDING BATTLE AGAINST OUTLAWS. BUT NONE OF THE PARTS WERE AS STRANGE OR AS DANGEROUS AS THE ONE HE HAS TO PLAY IN "DEATH ON THE STAGE"



AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE...

THIS NOTE CAME FOR YOU, LASH!

FOR ME? LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS!



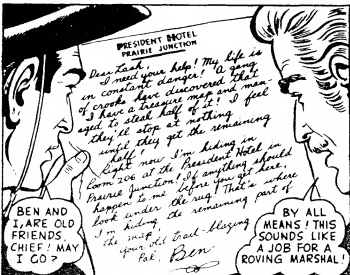
PRESIDENT HOTEL
PRAIRIE JUNCTION

Dear Lash, I need your help! My life is in constant danger! A gang of crooks have discovered that I have a treasure map and managed to steal half of it! I feel they'll stop at nothing until they get the remaining half!

Right now I'm hiding in Room 206 at the President Hotel in Prairie Junction! If anything should happen to me before you get here, look under the remaining part of the map. I'm hiding your old trail-blazing pal, Ben.

BEN AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS. CHIEF! MAY I GO?

BY ALL MEANS! THIS SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR A ROVING MARSHAL!







I'VE GOT TO SEE IF THOSE MURDERING PRAIRIE RATS FOUND THE TREASURE MAP!



IT'S STILL HERE! THE EASIEST WAY TO FIND THOSE VARMINTS WOULD BE TO MAKE THEM COME TO ME!



ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS MAKE SURE EVERYONE KNOWS I'VE GOT HALF OF THE TREASURE MAP AND THAT SHOULD SEND THE KILLER AFTER ME!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE PRAIRIE GULCH OPERA HOUSE...

YOU FOOLS BUNGLED THE JOB! NOW THAT LASH LARUE'S GOT THE MAP, WE'LL NEVER GET IT!

HOLD ON, MAC! I THINK I KNOW A WAY WE CAN STILL GET IT! YOU'RE PUTTING ON A PERFORMANCE FOR CHARITY SATURDAY NIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

THE LAST DRUM

LYABRING

THE GREAT VIOLET

MAC BETH

SPECIAL ALL PRO

SATURDAY NIGHT

LEADS TO

NIGHT CHARITY

THE GREAT VIOLET

MAC BETH

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COMING SOON

Le Belle

and Sympette

MURDERED MAN

LEAVES MAP TO

LEAD LASH

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CORRECT! BUT HOW'S THAT GOING TO HELP US GET THE MAP?

WHY DON'T YOU SEE IF YOU CAN TALK LARUE INTO ACTING THE PART OF THE WHIP FOR THAT ONE PERFORMANCE?

NOW I SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT! IT SHOULD WORK AT THAT! I'LL GO FIND LARUE IMMEDIATELY!

SHORTLY AFTER...

FOR CHARITY, I'M WILLING TO ACT IN YOUR PLAY FOR THAT ONE PERFORMANCE, MR. BETH!

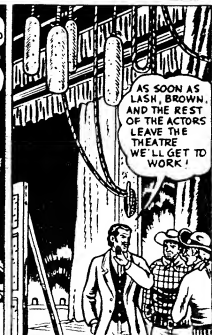
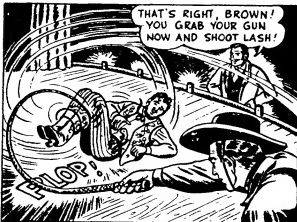
WELL, SINCE IT'S

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU!

NOW LET'S GET OVER TO THE OPERA HOUSE AND START REHEARSING! IT'S ONLY TWO DAYS TILL SATURDAY!

SINCE I'VE GOT TO WAIT AROUND TILL THOSE VARMINTS TRY TO STEAL THE MAP FROM ME, I RECKON THIS IS A GOOD WAY TO PASS THE TIME! BESIDES I'LL BE HELPING A WORTHY CHARITY!





SHORTLY AFTER ---

HEY! THIS ISN'T YOUR DRESSING ROOM, MAC BETH! IT'S BILL BROWN'S, THE HOMBRE WHO PLAYS THE GAMBLER!

I KNOW THAT!



---AND THERE'S THE GUN HE USES TO SHOOT LASH AT THE END OF THE ACT! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SUBSTITUTE REAL BULLETS FOR THE BLANKS!

YOU MEAN WHEN BROWN SHOOTS HIM IN THE PLAY, HE'LL ACTUALLY KILL HIM?



CORRECT, HEDSTRONG! AND AS SOON AS BROWN RUSHES OFF STAGE AS HIS PART CALLS FOR, WE'LL RUSH ON AND GRAB THE OTHER HALF OF THE MAP OUT OF LASH'S POCKET BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERS THAT HE'S REALLY DEAD!

AND WHEN THEY DO, THEY'LL BLAME THE MURDER ON BROWN!



NOW LET'S GET OUT OF THE THEATRE BEFORE ANYONE COMES BACK AND STARTS WONDERING WHY WE WERE HANGING AROUND!



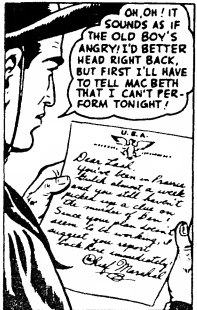
AT THE SAME TIME ---

THIS LETTER JUST CAME FOR YOU, LASH!

THANKS! I SEE IT'S FROM THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE. I'D BETTER OPEN IT IMMEDIATELY!



OH, OH! IT SOUNDS AS IF THE OLD BOY'S ANGRY! I'D BETTER HEAD RIGHT BACK, BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO TELL MAC BETH THAT I CAN'T PERFORM TONIGHT!



BUT WHEN LASH REACHES THE THEATRE ---

SNUCKS! NO ONE'S AROUND! SINCE I CAN'T WAIT, I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE A NOTE FOR MAC. MAYBE I CAN FIND A PIECE OF PAPER TO WRITE ON IN THE WASTE BASKET!



WHAT'S THIS?



WHY, THIS IS PART OF THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH BEN KEPT HIS MAP. THIS SHOULD MEAN THAT SOMEONE IN THIS THEATRE HAS THE MISSING SECTION AND IS THE KILLER I'M LOOKING FOR!



---BUT THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE IN THE CAST, IT'D BE HARD TO GUESS WHICH ONE! THE GUILTY PARTY IS PROBABLY COUNTING ON CATCHING ME OFF GUARD AND THEN STEALING THE MAP! IT LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH MY PART TONIGHT, IF I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO THE VARMINT IS!



LASH FITS HIS HALF OF THE MISSING ENVELOPE TOGETHER WITH THE ONE HE FOUND AND DISCOVERS THEY MATCH!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE PLAY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN---



OOOPS! I'M SORRY!



DON'T WORRY, LASH! EVERYONE GETS STAGE FRIGHT WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP! BUT AS SOON AS YOU SPEAK YOUR FIRST LINE, YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT BEING NERVOUS!



LASH GIVES A FINE PERFORMANCE! FINALLY, THE CLIMAX IS REACHED --



WOW! THAT SURE WAS EXCITING!



MEANWHILE, BACK STAGE---

NOW TO GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERS THAT LASH IS REALLY DEAD!



SO YOU'RE THE GUILTY PARTY!

(GULP!) BUT I THOUGHT--- ER--



YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD! BUT SINCE I DIDN'T KNOW WHO THE KILLER WAS, I DIDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! THE REASON I KNOCKED BROWN'S GUN DOWN BEFORE GOING ON STAGE---



-- WAS BECAUSE I FIGURED THAT THE EASIEST WAY FOR THE KILLER TO GET RID OF ME WAS BY SUBSTITUTING REAL BULLETS FOR THE BLANKS! ALL I DID WAS TO SUBSTITUTE BLANKS FOR THE REAL BULLETS! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS, MAC BETH, WHERE'S THE OTHER HALF OF THE TREASURE MAP?



BUT AT THAT SECOND---

I FIGURED THAT SAND BAG WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIM!



GOOD WORK! NOW LET'S GET THE MISSING PART OF THE MAP OUT OF HIS POCKET AND VAMOOSE!



BUT AS THE VILLAINS RUSH OFF WITH THE MISSING PART OF THE MAP---

(GULP!) I KNOCKED OVER THE PAIL!

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE! LET'S GO!



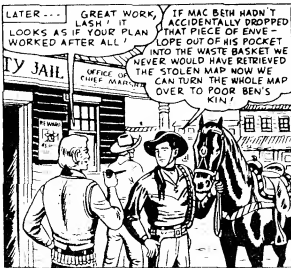
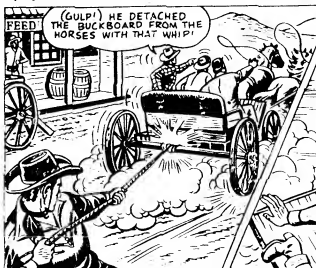
BUT IT MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE BECAUSE THE PAIL OF WATER OVERTURNS ON THE UNCONSCIOUS LASH---



AND IT REVIVES HIM---

OH, MY HEAD! BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK OF THAT!





NOVELTY BARGAINS FROM ELLISDONS

ZAZA THE EDUCATED GOBBLE
Lyrics in a replica of an Oriental scroll.
Chorus "Gobble, with his hand protruding,
is a soft rubber leaves
Cokes minks. Looks as
like, but doesn't
would draw laughs in a
quaint single little is
repeated and when you
play it the make means
up and down then
only 2 to 10.

Price 2/6 Post and Pkg. 4d.

A PLEASANT TO OWN Learn to
HONNER'S NEW HARMONICA
BOJACA
The perfect instrument for acquiring pro-
ficiency. 100 perfectly
1.5 to 4.5
2.5 to 4.5
3.5 to 4.5
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11/6 Post 9d.

WALNUTS
A genuine Walnut shell.
When it is opened, it is
the surprise of every eye.
In the shell is a beautiful
young lady in her birthday suit, having a
lash.

Price 1/- Post and Pkg. 3d.

EGG AND BAG TRICK
A completely complete bag
trick. When it is pro-
duced, when released,
a mystified spectator is
pleased into the bag,
and instantly vanishes.
Complete with full
instructions.

Price 3/6 Post and Pkg. 4d.

THE 5 MYSTERY BELLS
This trick is very mystifying.
Only one of the
bells ring. Shatter them
about on the table and
within your audience to
select the one they think
was rung. They are wrong.
Price 1/6 Post and Pkg. 3d.

CABINET OF CARD TRICKS
These cards are
mystical.
No skill is neces-
sary... Complete
instructions tell you
what to do, how to
do it, what to say.

Price 5/6 Post and Pkg. 4d.

SPIDER IN THE DRINK
One of these sham spiders
dropped into a glass of beer,
or any of the drinks, will
at once be seen. Made of black
rubber, perfectly done and
unobtainable. 12 in each
package.

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THE VENTRILO
There's your voice into a trust,
under the hat, anywhere,
of the fooling teacher, police-
man, or friend. A little to
mount 5 to the mouth, wet or
dry, used for Blind Cuffs, etc.
A full course book on Ventriloquism
together with the Ventrilo.

Price 1/- Post and Pkg. 3d.

RED-HOT PEPPER
"Finest Parisian Sugared Almonds"
Looks very tempting, but full
of surprises! The effect will be
noticed 30 seconds after it is
in the mouth. A sure device of time
to be at a safe distance!

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FLYING BUTTERFLY
Wind the string
card on a re-
verse side of a full
card. When released,
it will fly away
from the hand.
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DANCING KELETON
A figure about 14 inches
high, will dance to music.
Hot or slow, and when you
command it, it will dance
in a most graceful way. Full
instructions.

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Fervid of the Master
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It's an outdoor man's
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apart.

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A ball-crown
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cone or small
cone. When you
blow into the cone,
it will blow out
the candle. It is an all-round practical
cone. It will
and an previous practice is unobtainable.
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Just an ordinary-
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toilet soap, but
with it, your
face becomes all
black.

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Contains everything for a
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Quite easy to do, but very
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best tricks in Magic. It is
very simple and yet it has
puzzled the most intelligent
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You put a blank sheet of
paper between the rollers,
turn the handle and you
come a genuine 10/-
or 20/- note. In the
note book, in the
rollers, turn the
reverse way and the
note will emerge as a
blank sheet of paper.

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Reliable and depend-
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patterns for 3d and 5d
both wheel. 0000 to
10,000 miles and start
again. 1/10000 miles.

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Make your watch-
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the dark. Luminous paint
permanent. Makes rays
of white light. Easily
visible in the dark.

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SNEEZING POWDER
When a very small
amount is inhaled,
on the back of your
head and blow it into
the nostrils, and you
will be in the room with
high to make.

Price 6d. Post and Pkg. 3d.

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A very popular way of
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100 holes Price 3/8
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in the same time.
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